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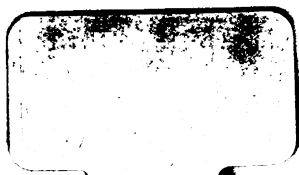
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A
Grandmother's
Book of Verses
for her
Grandchildren
by
Lucy F. Scott.

123

10



Scott.

N31

**A GRANDMOTHER'S
BOOK OF VERSES**

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A GRANDMOTHER'S BOOK OF VERSES

FOR HER
GRANDCHILDREN

By
LUCY P. SCOTT

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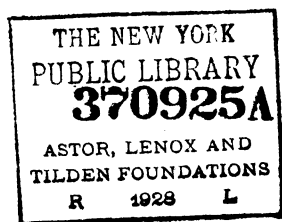


NEW YORK
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DUFFIELD & COMPANY

1921

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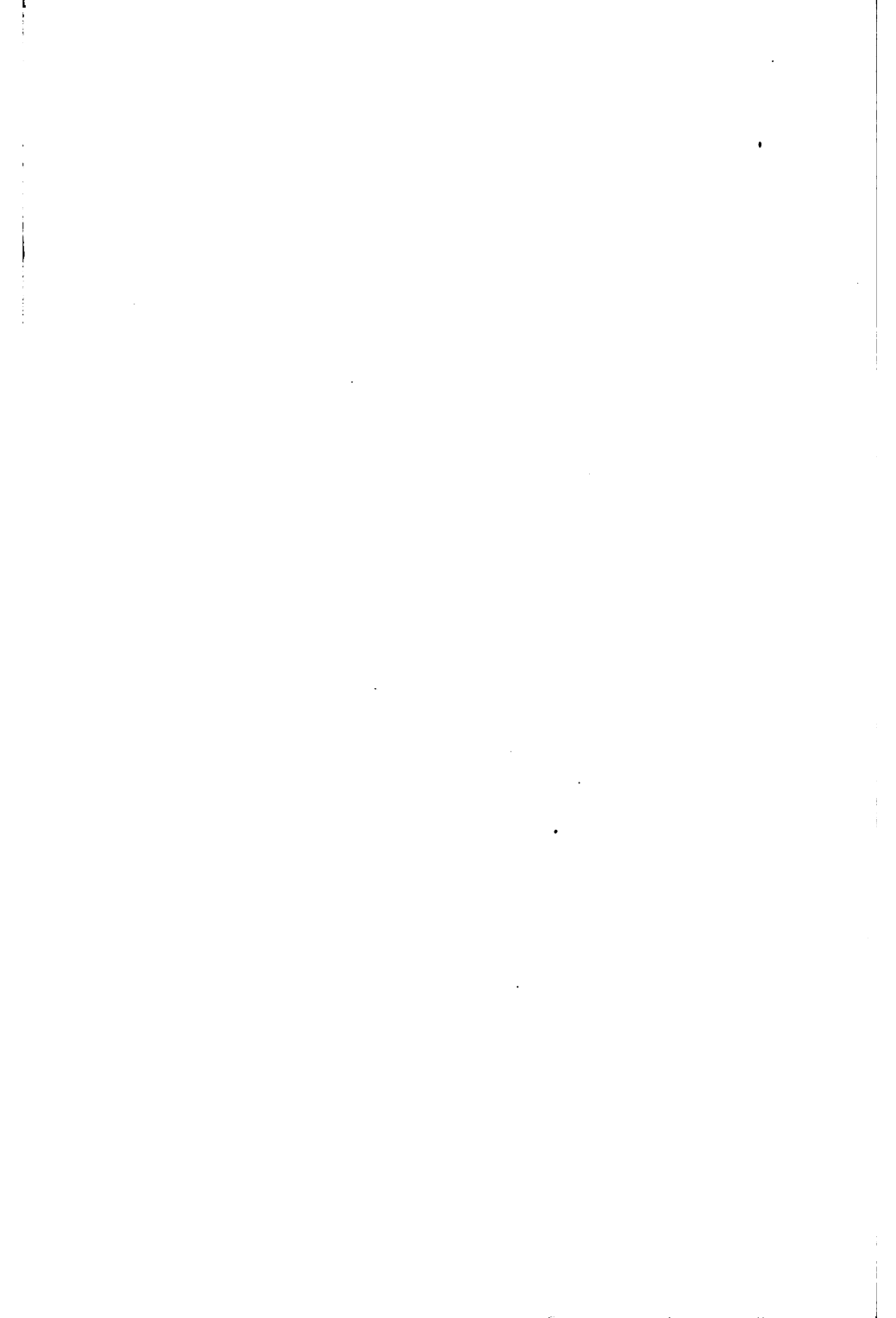
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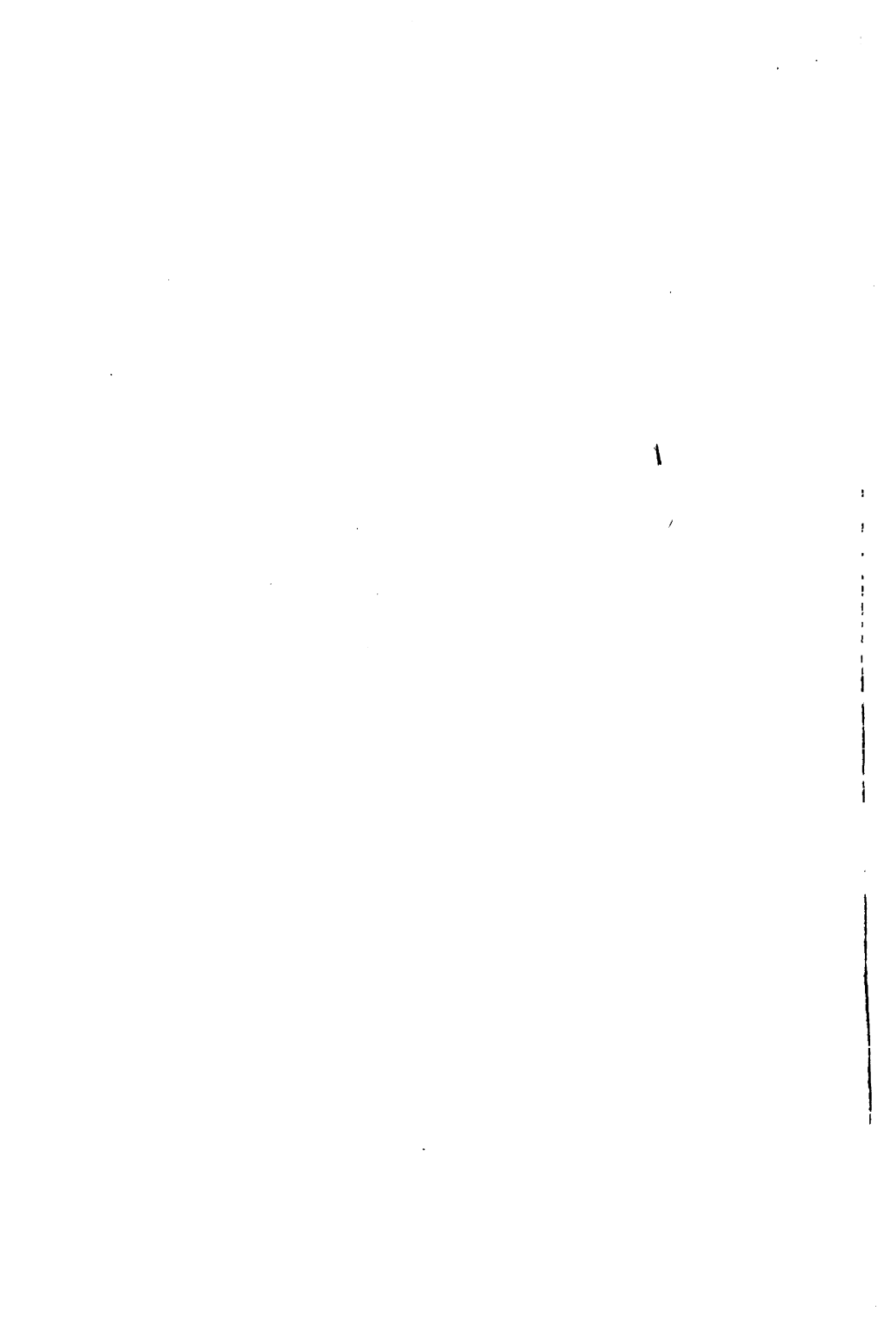
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**TO
MY GRANDCHILDREN**

Through summer days away from you,
When there was little else to do,
This modest book began to grow
Almost whether I would or no.
Each hour that I have given to rhyme
Has been for me a pleasant time,
For I have seen your joyful smiles,
Have felt your darling childish wiles,
Have seen you laugh at funny things,
Have seen your fancy quick take wings
When lovely thoughts have summoned you,
And you have felt them to be true.
So take them, and in years to come,
Read them and think of your own
"Grum."



**A GRANDMOTHER'S
BOOK OF VERSES**



A GRANDMOTHER'S BOOK OF VERSES

TO GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers all, I greet you!
And ask you to share with me
These little rhymes and jingles,
When children come to tea.

That is the hour they gather,
When their romping play is done,
And ask for tales and verses.
Sometimes I remember none!

'Twas in thinking of such hours
That these little rhymings grew,
I shall like to think you'll use them,
So I give this book to you.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE CLEVER CHILD.

I'm learning to lace up my boots,
My new nurse says I must,
'Cause when I waited for her to,
I always cried and fussed.

At first I got them quite mixed up,
And crossed the strings all wrong,
But now I've almost learned the way,
It won't take very long.

Nurse says I am a clever child,
I don't think so at all,
It's only that my shoes are big,
And I am very small.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

'AN ADVENTURE.

I've lost my shoes and stockings too,
 Away down in the brook.
Nurse told me not to go there.
 But, you see I *had* to look.

And then the water ran so fast,
 So chuckling and so giggling.
I *had* to put my feet right in,
 And feel my toes go wiggling.

And then I waded out a bit,
 There was a stone that shined,
I *had* to go a little way,
 To see what I should find.

There was a frog, a big green one,
 That croaked, and jumped ahead,
I *had* to follow him, you know.
 To find out what he said.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

There was a bird up in a tree,
And I thought he was calling,
I had to hold on to a branch
To keep myself from falling.

And then I climbed out on the bank,
And I forgot about them
And so I had to come way home,
But I can do without them!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

ANTS.

I wonder what the ants do
When they run in and out.
Why some should be so very thin
And others, should be stout.

The very big ones, those I think
Must be the Queens and Kings,
Some might be soldiers, too, perhaps,
That is the kind that stings.

Weeny ones, they go to school,
That's why they go so fast,
They are afraid that they'll be late,
It's horrid to be last.

I wouldn't like to live with them,
In a hole down in the ground,
Because there is not any light,
Nor any pleasant sound.

I think I like my own home best,
And my own mother too,
And my own bed, and my own spoon—
I'll stay here, wouldn't you?

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE PARTY.

We're going to have a party
Down by the meadow stream,
And there'll be other children,
And PINK ICE CREAM.

And we shall play all sorts of games,
Down by the little stream,
And when we all are tired,
There'll be PINK ICE CREAM.

I think we shall go fishing first,
In deep pools in the stream,
Perhaps we'll eat the fishes
Before the PINK ICE CREAM.

I know there will be lots of cakes,
Like when you have a dream,
But the nicest thing that we shall have
Will be PINK ICE CREAM.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

IN BED.

When the day is over,
And I'm lying in my bed,
I often think of all the things
I wish I hadn't said.

When through the nursery window
I see the setting sun,
I think about the many things
I wish I hadn't done.

But in the morning when I wake,
And all the room is light,
I think about the things I'll do,
And know I'll do them right.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

DOGS:-

Once we had a dog we loved,
And Peter was his name,
When he ran out we called him,
But he very seldom came.

Poor Peter had to go away,
He got so cross and bad,
He bit my sister on her arm,
We thought—he might—be mad!

But now we have another dog,
And Mother named him "Tell,"
She takes a lot of pains with him,
I think that he'll mind well.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE FAIRY POOL.

There is a little Fairy Pool
 'Way down among the rocks,
To reach it you must leave behind
 Your sandals and your socks.

You have to cross the pebbly beach,
 The pebbles hurt your toes,
And then climb up a crooked place,
 Where no one ever goes.

Then, if you look beyond the edge,
 And over the next stone,
You'll see beyond a pinky ledge
 The Pool there, all alone.

If I could only go at night,
 When dark is everywhere,
And by myself climb to the place,
 I know I'd find them there.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

BUSTER.

I'll tell you the tale of a fat puppy dog
Whose fidgety mum named him Buster,
He always would do just what he liked best,
So his mother was kept in a fluster.
His mother would tell him the rules to go by,
And when he was punished he always would
cry,

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!
"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"

One day his mummy was watching a hen
Who was eating her food with her chicks,
"Keep away from her Buster, she doesn't
want you,
She'll be sure to be up to some of her tricks."
But adventurous Buster just thought he
would try,
And she pecked him quite hard on the nose
and the eye.

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!
"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

His mum said "Don't go in the grass my
child,
You'll never be able to find your way out,"
But he went just the same, and had a great
play,
Rolling, barking, and jumping about,
But, alas! he got lost, the grass was so high,
He couldn't get out, and how he did cry,

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"

One day the old duck took her ducklings to
swim,
Right down on the edge of the river,
Of course *they* could swim, so Buster must
too,
Although his mum said with a shiver;
"Keep away from the brook the water is
high,"
But Buster was very determined to try.

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

So into the water he went with a splash,
And of course he went down like a rock!
His mummy rushed in, pulled him out by
the ear,
And then nearly died of the horrible shock.
And Buster, he sat on the bank to get dry,
And he cried, Oh! yes I should think he did
cry!

“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!
“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!”

Now Buster loved dearly to roll in the dust,
For puppies, like boys, love the dirt,
But his mummy had told him he mustn't
do that,
Or he would be sure to get awfully hurt.
(For motors go dashing and knock you
sky-high!)
But when his mummy watched patiently by,

“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!
“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!”

A. GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

One day when bad Buster was out in the
road,

(You know what mothers say never can fail)
A car came along like a crazy mad thing,
And nipped off the end of his poor little tail
It cut off his tail, Oh! dear, and Oh! my!
And then little Buster, Oh! how he did cry,

“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!

“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!”

His mother came quickly, and took him
straight home,

They lived at the doctor's now wasn't that
good,

And he cut off the bit that was dangling and
sore,

And he doesn't enjoy sitting down any more!
It will get quite well, you know, bye and bye,
And Buster will be good, and not have to
cry,

“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!

“Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!”

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE WATER LILY.

Do you know the water lily,
How it gently sways and floats,
Like a lovely fairy navy,
With a great fleet of boats.

The lily pads are tenders,
They're painted red and green,
And they lie among the lilies,
Which bend and bow and lean.

Some of their sails are snowy white,
And some are rosy pink.
They may dry up or fade away,
But they can never sink.

For all are anchored tight and firm,
By long, long ropes of red,
They do not want to sail away,
But just lie here instead.

The fairies do not go to war,
The bad ones just enchant,
Only the good ones sail these boats,
The naughty ones, they can't!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

AN INVITATION.

Do you like to take your luncheon
In strange places, 'cause I do,
And when I go the next time,
I'd like to go with you.

Perhaps we'll go down by a lake,
Or p'raps up on a hill,
Or by a beach where there are shells,
Or some old water mill.

And you can take some sandwiches,
And I'll take lemonade,
Because my Grandymother makes
The best that's ever made.

I do not think we'll take ice cream,
It melts if it is hot,
And it is hard to carry too,
I think we'd better not.

So we will go, just you and I,
And find a pleasant place,
Where pretty flowers grow about,
Like fire-weed and queen's lace.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE ADVENTURER.

Nurse took Johnny and Fred one day,
Out on the sands to teach,
But Fred ran away!
I heard him say,
 "I've left my nurse at the beach, Ha! Ha!
 I've left my nurse at the beach!"

Along the dusty road he tramped,
Beyond Maria's reach,
And he shouted high
As he went by,
 "I've left my nurse at the beach, Ha! Ha!
 I've left my nurse at the beach!"

Poor nurse looked this way and then looked
that,
Frightened quite out of speech,
While Fred called out
With martial shout,
 "I've left my nurse at the beach, Ha! Ha!
 I've left my nurse at the beach!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

However, it's true, he marched straight home,
And made his mother a speech,
He shouted aloud,
With air most proud,
 "I've left my nurse at the beach, Ha! Ha!
 I've left my nurse at the beach!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GRANDYMOTHER SAYS.

When Grandmother was a child,
A long, long time ago,
She says there were no motor-cars,
It's funny if it's so.

She says the busses used to have
Bright pictures on the side,
And did not go to Central Park,
Just think what a short ride!

And then they called them "stages,"
And in winter they had sleighs,
But now they clean the snow away,
I don't like all new ways.

But we can go up on the Drive
And see the river there,
A man named Hudson found it first,
It must have made him stare!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

I don't think that she knew him,
My Grandmother, I mean,
But then of course she's very old,
And lots of things has seen.

Her hair is very nearly white,
And she's very busy too,
Because we children always make,
So many things to do.

There were not any trolleys then,
They only had horse cars,
And instead of all the steamships
There were vessels with great spars.

(I wonder what she means by "spars"
And didn't they have steam?
She talks so very quickly,
It's like a running stream!)

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

INDIAN COUNTING.

My great great Grandmother lived in
Connecticut
Where lots of Indians were,
She used to know the braves and squaws,
And talked to them, yes, Sir!

They even taught her how to count
In their queer Indian way,
My Grum's Grandmother taught her too,
And this is what they say:

1	2	3	4	5
Een, teen, tuther, feather, fib,				
6	7	8	9	10
Seeter, leeter, cone, dobba, dick,				
(Try to say it often,				
And you can learn to say it quick.)				
11	12	13	14	
Een-dick, teen-dick, tuther-dick, nuther-				
15				
dick, vumpit,				
(That's a funny word!)				

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

16 17 18
Een-vumpit, teen-vumpit, tuther-vumpit,
19 20
nuther-vumpit, eat-it.
Aren't all those sounds absurd?

But they are truly Indian words,
They really counted so,
But only up to twenty, then
They couldn't further go.

So I suppose they had to have
Just heaps, each one of twenty,
That way they could well arrange,
And make sure to have plenty.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

WHEN MOTHER DRESSES.

I do like to watch my mother
When dressing for a party,
I always put her slippers on,
And make her laugh so hearty!

For I give a little tickle,
When I poke in her big toe,
And she gives me a little kick
And right over back I go.

I like to see her do her hair,
And put powder on her face,
It smells so awf'ly good and sweet,
And she hardly leaves a trace.

And when her dress is fastened,
And the pins are in her hair,
Oh! my, but she is lovely then!
But she doesn't seem to care.

So then she kisses me good-night,
But I have to take great care,
That I don't muss her lovely dress,
Or rumple up her hair.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

SWIMMING.

Do you like to swim in a swimming-pool?
For I like it best in the sea,
Of course it depends upon where one is,
'Cause if one should happen to be
Where it is horrid and shivery cold,
Why then one is not quite so bold,
And the swimming-pool is all nice and warm,
Even if one just hates the swarm.
And so there are days
When one goes and plays
With everyone else in the swimming-pool.
But if it is not too awfully cool,
Why the sea is better,
It even seems wetter!
And one is so happy and fine and free,
When one goes swimming in the sea.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE VISITOR.

In a deep dark shadow under a tree,
There's a dear little house for you and me.
I'll be mother, and you be child,
Your nice little bed will be soft leaves piled.

We can play party with nice small stones,
And leaves, and green grass, and spikey pine
cones,
Acorns shall be our lemons for ade,
I know just precisely how it is made.

You don't want to be a baby, you say?
Oh! dear, we'll play some other way,
You can be husband and I'll be wife,
And you can go hunting with this big knife.

You can be brave and courageous, you see,
And I as timid as timid can be.
I know the knife is only a stick,
Do have 'magination, and come on, quick!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Why, what does it matter, what things we
have,
Or whether we play it's a house or cave,
It's what we imagine, that's the thing!
See, here is some grass, you make me a ring.

What! You don't like that play either, oh, well,
I thought you would, but you never can tell,
We'll just go out and play with a ball,
I suppose that will suit you best of all.

* * * * *

When people come here to visit me,
I wonder if they could not try to be
A bit more willing to do my way,
And so have some decent kind of a play.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

AGNES.

One day a little maid went out
To spend a happy day,
And with a small girl friend she liked,
She was to stay and play.

But early in the afternoon
Her Mother was surprised
To see her Totty coming home,
Too soon, she realized.

"Well dear, was this a sunny day,
"Were you a sweet good child?"
"Oh! Mother, Agnes wasn't nice,
"She was so cross and wild!"

"But you, my little girl, I want
To know if you were good?"
"I'd rather talk of Agnes, please,
Dear Mother, if you would!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

SAND.

There is a sandpile where we play,
And knock each other down.
It doesn't hurt when you get hit,
Like Jill upon the crown.

We take great handfuls of the sand,
And throw it at each other,
Sometimes we get it in our eyes,
And then we run to Mother!

But if we want to build up forts,
Or pulpits, where we preach,
Or castles with walls all about,
The best sand's at the beach.

Of course the nicest kind of sand
Is way down by the sea,
Small shells are all mixed up with it,
As pretty as can be.

Round pebbles too, some pink, some red,
Some just a shining white.
The waves, when they wash over them,
Leave them all clean and bright.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

MY PENNY.

I've lost my shining penny
 Away down in that crack,
And now I haven't any,
 For I'll never get it back!

The more I try to get it,
 The further it goes in,
I've tried it with the scissors,
 And I've tried it with a pin.

I was going to spend it,
 I was going to buy
All the nicest kind of things!
 But I'll have another try.

I've got it! With a hair-pin!
 I hooked it like a fish!
Now I'll go out with Nanna,
 And buy everything I wish.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

LITTLE FINGERS.

Oh! the little fingers, wandering everywhere,
Poking in the work-stand drawer, hunting
what is there!

Turning over ribbons, picking out the scraps
Spilling every hook and eye, the spools, and
all the snaps!

Reaching over everything, tea table and all,
Never thinking what is dropped, or where
they let it fall.

Fingers on the sugar, fingers on the bread,
Never even hearing a single word that's said!

Shall we let the kettle burn them when it
boils,

Shall we let them touch the food even when
it soils.

Shall we let the pins prick, shall we *slap*
them—Oh!

Shall we have to tell the chicks "Upstairs
you must go!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Won't the little fingers please learn to be
good,
Not go where they shouldn't, in table drawers
and food,
Won't the little children learn to love us so,
That we shall be sorry, when it's time for
them to go?

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

OUR FRENCH GOVERNESS.

We have a new French governess,
Oh! dear Oh! me!
We don't learn much of anything,
'Cept "Non" and "Oui!"

She calls old Clipper "un cheval,"
She means a horse,
And Molly, she calls her "une vache,"
A cow of course.

She calls out "Venez manger, vite!"
She means "Come eat,"
The baby's name is Anne, but she
Says "La Petite."

When I am naughty—and I am—
She says "Soit bon,"
And when she sees a woolly sheep,
She cries "Mouton!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Perhaps some day I may learn how
To "Parler" too,
It's more convenient when you have
Things you must do.

She's very nice, I like it when
She says "je t'aime,"
She's "jolie" and she's "gentille" too,
I'm glad she came.

You see in the great war she lost
Quite all she had,
So then she came way over here.
To work, that's sad!

To-night I think that I will say
"Embrassez-moi,"
And put a sweetie in her mouth,
And say "Pour toi."

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GOOD MORNING!

One day there came in to my room
A darling little boy,
He ran to me and kissed me,
His bright face full of joy.

The clock upon the mantelpiece
Struck loud, eleven times,
The wee boy gazed with solemn eyes,
Until it stopped it's chimes,

And then he made a pretty bow,
Bending his small fair head,
And looking at the round white face,
"Good-Morning Clock!" he said.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

OUR DONKEY.

We have a donkey, with long ears,
That he waves to and fro,
Sometimes he sticks them out in front,
And then way back they go.

He has such pretty little hoofs,
But not a single toe!
His feet look just like bits of horn,
He puts them down—just so.

He is the strongest little thing!
He pulls us all along,
But you should hear him try to sing!
It *is* a funny song!

And another very funny thing,
To bray he lifts his tail,
And sticks it way out straight behind,
Without that he would fail.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Sometimes, they say, when everything
Must very silent be,
They tie a weight to hold it down,
Then he stands quietly.

We have a saddle for his back,
It's very safe to ride,
Because one can hold on to it,
And then one cannot slide.

I've heard that donkeys never die,
I'm sure I hope it's true,
For when I'm married, then he for
My own children will do.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

ROLLER SKATING.

Out on the walk I love to go,
Such fun it is to skate!
The days I have to stay indoors
Are days I simply hate!

I speed along, it makes a breeze,
I go so very fast,
Before my friends can see me I
Have just gone flying past.

I take my sister's hand sometimes,
Then we fly together,
It's always so provoking when
It is stormy weather!

We fall of course, and skin our knees,
We get bumps and bruises,
But my head never got such lumps
As I've seen on Susie's!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

But then they always get quite well
And we go out again.
We'll go on skating forty years,
And not stop even then!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

OUR CALF.

Down in the meadow where white daisies are,
With petals all in the shape of a star,
Standing beside our red and white cow,
There's a calf. And it came, I don't know how.

It's legs are the crookedest wobbly things,
With brown around them in spots and rings,
It kicks up it's heels and goes galloping 'round,
And it's moo is such a cow baby sound!

It's queer to think it will be a great cow,
With horns and a bag in two years from now,
That it will be eating hay, grass and bran,
All day long and whenever it can!

More butter we'll have, and more cream and
milk,
The cream that pours just as smooth as silk,
So it's very good that the calf is there,
I didn't think I was going to care!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GREEDYS!

Two little children standing at my knee,
What do you think the darlings said to me!
One said "Candy!" the other said "Cake!"
And Nurse said, Oh! For mercy's sake!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

ON THE FARM.

One little donkey, one little dog,
Six piggies in the pen, one big hog,
Three cows giving milk, one horse to trot,
Yes, on our farm we have the whole lot!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

SEWING.

I've brought my sewing way out here
Where it is shady,
Nurse says I *have* to learn to sew
To be a lady.

She says that only stupid folk
Make great big stitches,
It doesn't matter what you have,
Or how much riches.

She says too, that if you learn
When you are little,
You'll not forget when you are big,
A "tat or tittle."

I'm glad of that, for if I had
Again to learn it,
I think I'd take my sewing in
And I would burn it!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

"Over and over" is so dull,
And so is "running,"
My brother says I run too slow!
He's always funning.

Hemming is rather nice I think,
With tiny stitches,
But there's times when ev'ry thing
My thread bewitches!

Well, never mind, my task is done,
I've sewn my patches,
I don't care now one single bit
If my thread catches!

And now I'll fold it neatly up
And go pick flowers,
Dear me! I'm sure I have sat still
Ten thousand hours!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

WISHING.

I wish I were a bigger girl,
I want so to be tall,
To move about all straight and grand,
Not pudgy like a ball.

I wish my hair could curly be,
All ringlets on my head,
But it isn't even wavy,
Just hangs down lank instead.

I wish I could remember
What Mother says I ought,
And all the lessons and the things
That I am daily taught.

I wish I wasn't ever cross,
But always nice and good,
Jumping obedient when I'm called,
Oh! If I only could!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

I wish I always told the truth,
The *whole* truth's what I mean,
About the little things I do,
Whether or not I'm seen.

I wish I could unselfish be,
Give up to others,
But sometimes it is very hard
With sisters and brothers.

Now what do you think Mother did
When I my wishes told?
She hugged me, and she said "You dear,
Here is a loving scold.

"Stop *wishing*, darling, that's no use,
Just *do* things, that's the way,
Stop thinking of yourself at all,
Be *doing* all the day.

"You'll soon forget to wish so much,
You will so busy be,
For making others happy
Will make you happy. See?"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

I *wish* I knew how to begin——!
I'm *wishing*, think of that!
I hear my brother calling,
"All right! I'll get your bat!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT.

I love to run on errands,
I'd rather go than not,
I run so fast that Mother says,
I'm "Johnny on the spot!"

We tennis have, and Daddy plays,
And gets so awful hot!
I pick up all the outside balls,
I'm "Johnny on the spot."

I caddy, and when Mother makes
A bad, wrong, crooked shot,
I almost always find the ball,
For, "Johnny's on the spot."

When Molly fell in the pig pen,
Hold of her legs I got,
And pulled her out. 'T'was good that I
Was "Johnny on the spot!"

And when it's bedtime, and I'm tired,
And off up stairs must trot,
Then Mother kisses me and says,
"Good Johnny on the spot!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE GIANT GRIM-GROWL.

One time there was a Giant bold,
About him there's this story told,
Which I am sure you'd like to hear,
As it was told to me one year
Quite long ago, when Mother came,
A little child, to play the game
Of story-telling in my bed,
Where, in the morning, she was led
By hungry appetite for tales
To make me tell them, yes, by bales.
This time, however, I cried off,
Pretended that I had a cough,
And urged that she should tell me one,
And Presto! Soon as said t'was done.
"Long ago there was a Giant,
And his temper was defiant,
He was rough and rude and haughty,
Cross and cruel, grim and naughty.
He had a hungry appetite
For little children! T'was not right
That he should eat them, that of course
We quite well know, but he would force

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Them to go with him to his tower,
Then in his own time, he'd devour
All he could get. Then search for more.
Well, one day he went out the door
To see what he could find to eat,
And give himself, a gorgeous treat.
Two little girls went out that day,
And playing they went quite astray.
One was a disobedient child,
The other one was sweet and mild.
When he met them, he picked them up,
And then straightway went home to sup.
Maud, the bad one, kicked and screamed,
Mabel, she just shivered and dreamed.
They both were put in a basket deep,
And covered with leaves as if to sleep.
When they arrived at the Giant's tower,
He sat down to eat in a leafy bower,
He put the children on the table,
Maud he pinched, he patted Mabel,
And took her up and gently bit her,
Then put her down and nearly hit her!
'What can the matter be, tasteless child!
'I'm so angry, I'm almost wild,

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

'What have you eaten, I'd like to know,
'You're flavorless as a lump of dough!'
'Porridge and milk, and boiled potatoes,
'Sometimes an egg, a few tomatoes,
'Just what my mother told me to,
'That's what I always tried to do!'
'Pah!' said Grim-Growl, and put her down,
'I don't want you in my fine town,
'Run to your mother, silly thing,
'You were a useless child to bring,
'You really are too good to eat.'
He turned to Maudie, 'Don't you bleat!
'You make a noise just like a sheep,
'What have you eaten, just a heap
'Of flat things, like the other one?
'Come now hurry, quick, speak up,
'I'm hungry and I want to sup!'
So Maudie stamped and began to cry,
'I've eaten candies and mince pie,
'Plum cake and pickles, raisins dry,
'Cider I've drunk from a great cup,
'And jars of preserves I've gobbled up,
'And when my mother asked me why
'I wasn't hungry, I told a lie!'

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

'I think you're just the kind I wish,'
Said Grim, 'You'll make a tasty dish,'
So he began to nibble a bit——
'You're a raisin without a pit!
'Here's a bit of nice mince pie,
'Here plum cake and pickles, Oh, fie! fie!
'Here is cider, and candies here,
'What a bad girl, Oh! dear! dear! dear!
And so old Grim-Growl ate her up,
And took a long drink from his cup.
Then shook his horrid ugly head,
'I have no use,' he sadly said,
'For children who their Mothers mind,
'Who are gentle and good and kind,
'It is the bad ones that I take,
'I like that taste of rich plum cake!
So Maud was eaten. She was bad.
Mabel ran home, Mum, aren't you glad?"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE LONELY BOY.

I have been blowing dandelion balls,
To tell the hour,
And watching each little feathery bit,
A floating flower.

I have been holding buttercups to chin
To show the gold,
And looking at their shining skin,
Yellow and bold.

I have been hunting everywhere for
Four-leaved clover,
To see if luck should make me stay at home
Or be a rover.

I have been pulling daisy petals off
As it is done,
To see if my best friend loves me as well
As any one.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

I have been making chains of "dandi" stems
Like poor slaves wear,
And I shall put them on my kitty cat,
For she won't care.

Now I shall make a crown of laurel leaves
For Mother's head,
And put in front some kind of flower
Of brightest red.

It has been pleasant to be here all day
With flowers for toys,
Still, I should like it very much I know,
If there were boys.

And little girls too, would know how
to play,
So I should think.
If only I could see some I should shout
As quick as wink!

But Mother will be home soon I expect,
She's always fun,
And any way this is a lovely place,
And day is done.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

CROSS JOHNNIE.

Waking in the morning, turning in his bed,
Johnnie looked across at Nurse
And covered up his head.

"Come, get up my laddie, you are late in bed,"
Johnnie peeped above the clothes,
"No, I won't!" he said.

Nurse came over to him, pulled him out of bed,
"Now my boy, just dress yourself,"
"No, I won't!" he said.

"Very well, go back then, tumble into bed,"
But Johnnie he just sat there,
"No, I won't!" he said.

Nurse picked the boy up, and put him back
to bed,
"Now stay there, you naughty boy,"
"No, I won't!" he said.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

So his nurse just left him, wriggling in his bed,
Called out to him, "Now be good,"
"No, I won't!" he said.

Mother came and looked at him, shook her
darling head,
"Too sick a boy for breakfast,"
Was all that she said.

So John lay and kicked about, tossed in
his bed,
Hungrier and hungrier,
Longing to be fed,

Not a person came to see John in his bed,
"I *wish* I had some breakfast!"
The little boy said.

By and by the children playing out of doors,
Heard the queerest kind of sound,
It was Johnnie's roars!

Everything was silent he was all alone,
Hours and hours seemed to pass, his
Heart was like a stone!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Soon the little boy sat up, tumbled out of bed,
Ran and washed and dressed himself,
"I won't stay!" he said.

Then he looked for Mother, found her by
and by,
And snuggling up against her,
John began to cry.

"Sonny, you've been silly, night's the time
for bed,
"You must get up when you're called,"
"Yes I will," he said.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

I think I'll be a carpenter
 When I grow big,
Or else I'll be a gardener,
 It's fun to dig.

It would be very nice to be
 A policeman,
Or I could have big tongs and be a
 Pleasant iceman.

Perhaps that I should like to be
 An engineer,
And run a big long railway train
 From Europe here.

I liked to watch the 'lectric man
 And see him work,
Because he never stopped at all,
 He did not shirk.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

P'raps I'll be a 'lectric man,
And climb up poles,
And string long miles and miles of wire
Through little holes.

Or else I could just wait and see
What I like best,
It might be something different
From all the rest.

Of course, you see, as I'm a girl,
My mind might change,
Perhaps I'll a nice mother be
That would be strange!

I do not care for dollies much,
Kittens I hate!
But I shall know when I am grown,
So I'll just wait.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE BIRD IN THE BAY TREE.

Out on the terrace a bay tree grows,
In a nice round tub painted green,
On the very top a little bird,
Made the nicest wee nest ever seen.

In its soft cup she laid two eggs,
And we watched her come and go;
She would fly boldly out from the top,
But she secretly entered below.

At first she was frightened when we passed,
And fluttered and flew away;
Later I think she knew we were friends,
For then she would quietly stay.

What happened to one egg, I don't know,
But only the other was hatched,
And there it lay, the wee wriggling thing,
For ugliness not to be matched!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Not a warm thing to cover its skin,
And only a mouth could be seen,
With its bill stretched wide to cry for food,
Its body all wrinkled and lean.

Afterward it was covered with down,
Then, here and there a feather,
By and by one could see that it grew
Ready for all kinds of weather.

One day when its wings had grown quite big,
It was frightened as I passed by,
And fell on the stones and fluttered off,
With a sharp distressful cry.

I caught it though, with my handkerchief,
By dropping it suddenly over,
And put it back in its bay tree home,
Safe under the green leafy cover.

Later that day I peered in the nest,
That rested on top of the bay,
Mother and baby were no more there,
It had grown up and flown away.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

MARY AND THE FLOWERS.

Mary walked among the flowers,
What do you think they said,
"Let's have a dance this moonlight night,
"When Mary's gone to bed.

"When Mary has to go to hers,
"We'll slip out of our own,
"A goodly company we'll be,
"And she'll be all alone!"

Mary listened to all they said,
She thought them most unkind,
Then she thought, "They're only flowers,
"I s'pose I mustn't mind."

After the night was fallen dark,
But when the moon was high,
We both went out to the garden,
To see what we could spy.

There they stood, the silly flowers,
With feet tucked in their beds,
All the dancing they could do, they
Were doing with their heads!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

CLOTHES.

Did you ever take a sun bath,
Run out in your bare in the sun,
And dance, and prance, and run about,
Till you feel all baked and done?

And then have Nurse turn on the hose,
Which falls like a feathery rain,
And dance, and prance, and run some more,
Till you feel quite cool again?

We sometimes play we are fairies;
They needn't ever wear dresses,
Sticky hot things, that no one likes,
And one so easily messes!

I wish we were born like horses,
With our clothes upon us growing,
It would so perfectly lovely be,
Yes, even if it were snowing!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

No one would care if we got wet,
Our shoes we should never need change;
We could go paddle in the brook,
It would be jolly and strange.

Just think of rolling in wet grass,
Of stamping and kicking our heels,
Of standing right out in the rain,
I know so well how it feels!

For while Nurse plays the hose on us,
When we go bathe in the sun,
It is the most delicious thing,
In all my life I've done.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

SAINT JOHN'S EVE.

Last night we put the porridge out
Beside the kitchen door,
Because it was the night when elves
Come 'round to look once more.

They are such greedy little things,
And rather apt to thief,
If they don't find just what they like
On sweet Midsummer's Eve.

They say at night they come right in
And fuss about the kitchen,
And fill the porridge pot full up,
With straws and hard grey lichen!

That's if you don't remember, see?
To put the porridge out,
They will be very sulky then,
And fuss and storm about.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

But if you do remember to,
And lots of sugar add,
Then they are very good to you,
They are so gay and glad!

Then, they keep all the mice away,
They help the bread to rise,
They make the nice brown crusty loaves
Look twice their natural size.

They won't let Kitty drink the milk,
Nor Towser bay the moon,
They do not let Cook sleep too late,
Nor wake her up too soon.

So on Saint John's Eve it is wise,
Without the slightest doubt,
To think about the little elves,
And put the porridge out.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE SEASONS.

How green and bright the dear grass is!
I'm glad the summer's come;
It's lovely to run in the field
Where fat bees buzz and hum.
It's nice to sit out on the porch
When it's warm to run about,
For winter's always in, you see,
But summer's always out.

Of course the fire is pleasant too,
To warm your frozen toes;
It's pleasant when the twilight comes
To talk while someone sews;
I love my books, I love to read
The things they're all about,
But winter's always in, you see,
And summer's always out.

Thanksgiving comes when it is cold,
And there is Christmas too,
And both days we have lots of fun
With many things to do;

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

We always go to Grandad's
And kick up such a din!
But summer's always out you see,
And winter it is in.

So, after all, sweet summer's best.
How blue the sky can be!
The buttercups and garden flowers
Just blossom all for me.
It's fine to run against the breeze,
To dance and jump about,
For winter's it is always in,
But summer's it is out.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GOOD-BYE.

I found my dolly out under a tree,
And oh! she was wet as wet could be!
I think it's a shame to treat her so,
So I know it is better that she should go.

I will not give her away to a soul,
I'd rather bury her down in a hole,
I love her, the darling, a great big lot,
And I wouldn't desert her, I should think
not!

But still to leave her all out in the rain,
Means sneezes, and cramps and all sorts of
pain,
And I can't think that's a very nice way
To treat an old doll—whatever you say.

I am truly feeling a little sad
And I want to, so I am really glad,
Because when you've loved with your doll to
play,
It's sorrowful when you put her away.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

But when you get old there are so many things,
And ev'ry day something wonderful brings,
And there's all outdoors, and then school, too,
So what else can I, or any one do!

Good-bye, Dolly, I won't throw you away,
I shall love to find you some other day,
Then I'll take you out to love and pet,
For our happy days I'll never forget.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GOOD MORNING!

Good morning you dear flower, nodding your
pretty head,
I always find you dancing when I get out of
bed!
Even before the shining sun looks over the
world's rim,
While all the sea is misty grey, and all the land
is dim,
When I throw my windows open to see if it
is day,
I see you standing wide awake, all in your
gown so gay.
You never have to go to bed, you simply fall
apart,
And then John picks the pieces up, and
puts them in his cart.
You never have to go to work but play
out in the sun,
You only seem to sway and dance, 'till the
long day is done.
The bees, the butterflies, the birds, and we,
come visit you,

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

And you look lovely all the time, with nothing
else to do.

But mother says when winter comes, you have
to go to bed,

Because there's nothing left but leaves, and
they, poor things are dead.

So you must cuddle down for months, sleep a
long time, and then

Another lovely summer comes, and you get up
again.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

TO LUCY.

On Her Tenth Birthday

Well, you have come along the road
For ten long miles!
Ten years ago how we all longed
To see your smiles.

Then you were such a tiny thing
All wrapped in lace;
We had to lift the cover up
To see your face.

Then came the time that you could creep.
Then you could walk,
And then, oh! the excitement,
When you could talk!

I know that when you fed yourself
With your own spoon,
It was the most enchanting thing
In many a moon.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

And now you've grown a great big girl
Who goes to school,
To study, and to learn you must
Obey each rule.

Remember you can always give
One birthday gift
To every one that you may know,
A friendly lift.

If you can to some others give
A happy hour,
It will be happiness for you,
A fragrant flower.

Your Grandymother sends her love
To you dear girl,
You are her darling and her joy,
Her precious pearl.

So, jolly be this August eighth,
My first namesake,
A happy birthday may you have,
(Ice cream and cake!)

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

OUT IN THE GARDEN.

Out in the garden where I sit at ease,
I watch the fountain send its tall plume high,
 Feathering as it goes.
On sunny days the drops bright spangles make
As here, there, high and low and round about
 The wind of summer blows.

Down in the basin water-lilies float,
And all around in beds prepared for them,
 Gayest of roses bloom,
Snapgradgon and pansies, canterburybells,
And other flowers crowd there side by side,
 Until there's no more room.

At night I lie all quiet in my bed,
The blossoms send "good-night" on little winds
 That all around me creep.
The gentle noise the falling fountain makes,
As in the dark it drops into the pool,
 Lulls me to quiet sleep.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Good-night, my plummy, feathered fountain,
Good-night, my flow'rs and all my little winds,
 Good-night, bright stars above.
Good-night to you old owl that I hear hooting,
And all the little birds asleep in nests,
 Good-night, I send my love.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

MY LITTLEST GIRL.

When "Chickie-Sweet" was a wee girl,
She had such darling ways,
She always was a sunshine child
With her own words and plays.

One day she had been out to walk,
I met her on the stairs,
"Mother, I met a boy," she said,
"And, Mother, I had airs!"

She came in one day very hot,
Her head with fair hair piled,
She panted out, "Oh! dear, I'm such
A perspiratious Child!"

A clerk once, we were in a shop,
A long discourse began,
As we walked out, she gravely said,
"He's a most conversive man!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

I still can hear her baby voice,
When outdoors I would start,
Calling over the bannister,
"Good-bye, my own Peet-heart!"

And now she is a mother too,
With children whom you know,
And every day all summer,
When you go out, they go!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE SEA.

I do so love the wide white beach,
And all the pretty shells,
With the great running, chasing sea,
And the stories that it tells.

When it is curling at the edge,
And blue out to the rim,
It tells such lovely tales to me,
While low the sea-birds skim.

When it is grey, and rough, and high,
With surf all whirling white,
It tells me of the storms at sea,
When it is black as night.

I do not think the sea's to blame,
It is the winds that do it,
Sometimes they blow 'till it is wild,
Sometimes they seem to woo it.

If only high winds wouldn't blow,
The sea would lie quite still,
And never do a bit more harm
Than the stream below the hill.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

DANCING-SCHOOL.

Come! Let us go to dancing-school,
To dancing-school, to dancing-school!
We'll twirl about upon our toes,
In slippers neat, and long silk hose,
In dresses light,
And ribbons bright,
We'll wave our arms and turn about,
We'll laugh and smile and whirl about,
For we do love our dancing-school,
The very favorite kind of school,
Our jolly, romping, dancing-school.

We'll get the partners whom we like,
At dancing-school, at dancing-school,
For we can manage that you know,
It's very easy to do so,
Be nice and gay,
That is the way,
To much enjoy your dancing-school,
That very favorite kind of school,
The jolly, romping, dancing-school.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

But boys, they hate the dancing-school,
The dancing-school, the dancing-school,
And yet, when they grow up they dance,
I've seen their long legs hop and prance,
They like it too,
One sees they do,
As 'round the room they turn about,
And lead their partners in and out,
So boys should go to dancing-school,
The very nicest kind of school,
The jolly, romping, dancing-school.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE THUNDER STORM.

The heavy clouds are rolling up
Out of the blackened west,
The wind is still, and all the world
With heaviness oppressed.

Away off in the distant sky
The thunder mutters low,
And here and there, in frightened flocks
The scared birds whirling go.

Above my head, far, far above,
There are some bits of blue,
I see them in between the clouds,
As I look up and through.

Such wild and twisting clouds there are!
How it must blow up there,
Where only airmen ever go,
And only they would dare!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

The boom of thunder growing loud,
The lightning all about,
Are splendid, and they make me want
To lift my arms and shout!

Some persons always are afraid,
That seems to me so queer,
For thunder storms all pass away,
And leave the skies quite clear.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GOOD-NIGHT OLD YEAR!

Good-night Old Year, we'll tuck you up
All safely in your bed,
You must so tired and sleepy be,
You'll gladly rest your head.

Of course we're sorry to see you go,
But we are happy too,
For all that you can do is done,
And see who's coming—Who!

We have had jolly times with you
When dandelions bloomed,
When roses in the garden grew,
And bees among them boomed,

When Autumn turned the leaves so bright,
And picnics were such fun,
And now when Jack Frost brings the ice,
And we through snow can run.

A GRANDMOTHER'S

You can not die, you dear Old Year,
For in our hearts you live,
And we'll remember you with love
For all you had to give.

I hope we've learned a little too,
How to be kind and sweet,
How to love better than we did,
To run with willing feet.

But now, here's little New Year come,
With smiling baby face,
And baby hands held out to us,
To help him in his race.

For he must run the whole year through
To reach his place in Time,
And when he grows an Old Year too,
We'll make another rhyme.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

WHITE BIRCHES.

We call them "Fairy Lady" trees,
So daintily they stand,
So lightly poised on slender feet,
And swaying hand in hand.

Between tall trunks of mossy brown
One sees them peeping out,
As if they'd quick be up and off,
If they saw us about.

The dry low branches of the pines
Make a soft woodsey mist,
Through which the Ladies seem to peer.
The wind calls softly "Hist!"

The flickers of shining sunlight
Make their slim whiteness gleam,
And in the moonlight they take on
The magic of a dream.

I think they must come out at night
And dance upon the grass,
Just think how lightly they would step!
But not for us. Alas!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE WEEK.

When one looks forward a whole week
 It seems so long,
The days stretch out one after one,
 Just like a song.

Sunday, we will call verse first,
 To church we walk,
And in the afternoon we read, or
 Have nice talk.

On Monday comes the second verse,
 To school we go,
And lessons, sometimes difficult,
 We have to do.

On Tuesday is geography,
 With lots of maps,
And strings of great long funny names
 Of Swiss or Japs.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

On Wednesday we music have,
 We sing and play,
We learn our scales and our sol fa
 It sounds so gay!

On Thursday is our dancing school,
 We skip and hop,
I think we like this best of all,
 We'd never stop!

On Friday they examine us,
 We don't like this,
For even if we've studied hard,
 We're sure to miss.

When Saturday is come we're glad,
 For on that day,
We haven't any work to do;
 We only play.

So all the seven verses go,
 Just like a song,
It seems now to be very short!
 And yet it's long.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE HAPPIEST DAY.

Once on a time a Grandmother sat
In her rocking-chair, on a nice fur mat,
And all about, in a hurry and press,
Nine dear grandchildren tried to guess,
What do you think? Now try to, dear,
Why, which is the nicest day of the year!

Now Dinny do think, and you Lucy dear,
Which is the nicest day of the year?
Now Marka please turn your head this way,
And Barba, quiet for a moment pray,
And Penna dear, you must sit quite still,
And Scott be as good a boy as Bill,
You wee Lucy 2nd shall tell me true,
Sweet Baby Anne can listen too.
All pay strict attention to what I say,
Which of the year is the Happiest Day!

Now children listen, is it Easter Day?
Don't you think that is the Happiest Day?
When the bunnies hop from every where,
And hide the eggs underneath the chair,

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Or behind the curtains, or any place,
While the wee ones run and the big ones race,
And every one hunts in the jolly play?
No? P'raps it's your birthday? What do you
say?

That's always merry and sweet and gay,
What! Isn't that either the Happiest Day?

Oh, I think I know. Now children don't shout,
I really believe that I have found out!
It's the day that begins the day before.
One day's not enough, we must have more.
When stockings are hung by the chimney with
care,

In the hope that—you know—soon will be
there.

It's the day when you wake while it is still dark,
And the lights are turned down to a tiny spark,
And you softly peep out over the spreads,
Raise on your elbows, and lift up your heads,
And then you can just catch sight of the clock,
And hear its soft ticking, tick-tock, tick-tock!

But now it is time, Nurse says, "Come
Nippers,
"Into your wrappers, into your slippers,"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

And you fly down the hall to Mother's room,
Where there's light, and stockings and no more
gloom!

So you play all day, and then there's the Tree,
As tall and as beautiful as can be,
And you wait up stairs until Grandmother
plays

"The Campbells are coming!" Oh, nicest of
Days!

Do you know now, are you sure it is true,
That the Happiest Day you ever knew,
No matter what any one ever may say,
Is just Christmas Day, darling Christmas
Day.

It's a beautiful Birthday too, you know,
For once there was born, a long time ago,
A wee little baby, on that same day,
And you can read how He liked to say
That He loved little children just like you,
And told them He'd help them to be good, too.
How not to be naughty, nor have any fear,
So that is why too, of all the long year,
The Happiest, Nicest, Dear, Darlingest Day,
Is Christmas Day, is Christmas Day!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

BUTTERFLIES.

Butterflies, butterflies, ev'ry where,
Over flowers, up in the air!
Some are yellow, some are brown,
Wings all covered with softest down.

Purple splotches on wide black wings,
Blue and orange and scarlet rings,
Wings long pointed, or short and round,
Pretty creatures, that make no sound!

Moths that fly in the night time too,
All of them have a twilight hue,
Not one of these is colored bright,
They fly and hide in the silent night.

Yet one can see they love the light,
For if a lamp shines in the night,
They beat themselves against the pane.
Some, poor things, never fly again.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

It's gay to chase a dancing one,
To follow through the grass is fun,
I can not catch one, never will,
They fly so fast! They won't stay still!

Anyway, what would I do with it;
It would not like to stay a bit;
I should just let it fly away,
For me to chase another day!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE MARSHES IN AUTUMN.

Look, as far as the eye can reach,
To the very verge of the sea,
The reeds and the tall marsh grasses
Are as still as they can be.

Hark! over the brilliant marshes,
Stained yellow and crimson and brown,
The breathless stillness is broken
By the wild gull's cry, flung down.

Hush! there is scarcely a whisper,
The winds lie asleep in the reeds,
The furtive flight of southing birds,
The passing of summer speeds.

Listen! the silence is spreading
To the farthest rim of the world,
Like the magic mist of purple
That over the edge has curled.

Silence, the silence of Autumn,
Broods over all, sea and land,
The breadth of the salt sea marshes,
And the sweep of the white sea sand.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

TO MARKA.

October 25th, 1920

One happy day, now ten long years ago,
There came into our hearts and lives a child.
A baby girl, rosy of cheek, and pink of toe,
Laughing of lip, who every one beguiled.
Now here she stands beside me, shoulder high,
With promise in her eyes of all good things.
The past is short, the Future long, that brings
All sorts of happiness, and yet perchance some
 pain,
For growing hurts, and souis must grow
If we would for ourselves the best things gain.
So Darling, you must cultivate and try
The rule to know the best things by.
The Test is whether you can love so well,
That Bad shall grow to Good beneath the spell.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE STORM.

The storm is come!
All night I heard it hum
Far, far away.
The trees began to sway
And bend and creak.
Close cheek to cheek
Their branches brown
Rubbed up and down
And flung themselves about.
Now, with a shout
The storm is here!
I hear it cheer
As on its way it flies.
It calls, it cries,
It hoots, it moans,
It drops and groans.
Against the window flings
The roaring song it sings!
Blow! good wind, blow!
Blow and the rain will go,
Morning shall sunshine bring,
Another song you'll sing,

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

A cheerful gentle song,
All the day long,
To make the flowers forget
They ever were so wet,
That you did treat them so,
Blow! good wind, blow!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

MAKING CAKE.

There's one thing that I like to do,
And that is to make cake,
To beat it in a yellow bowl,
Then in the oven bake.

To butter put with sugar sweet,
And beat them to a cream,
The egg yolks whip until they froth,
The whites to look like steam.

To mix them all with snow white flour
And flavor well with spice;
Then give the children all a taste,
The greedy little mice!

Oh! baking powder now, and milk,
Of course these in must go,
And just a little pinch of salt,
It tastes much better so.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

I like best then to pour it out
In wee tin patty pans,
We have some that are just the shape
Of little outspread fans.

It's fun to know they're turning brown,
Of course one cannot look,
But Sarah keeps the oven hot,
She knows how long to cook.

And then the joy of eating them,
And handing them all 'round,
For Mother says I'm the best cook
She ever yet has found!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

SNOW.

Snow everywhere!

Very early in the morning
All the low grey skies gave warning,
And then the flying flakes
Came whirling down below.

It was the snow,
Snow everywhere!

All day it snowed,

Branches of pine so warmly green,
Buried in white were no more seen.

Each twig was covered up,
The shrubs from top to toe
Were mounds of snow,
All day it snowed.

All night it snowed,

The hiss and hush of falling flakes,
The sighing sound the north wind makes
Coming from far away,
Murmured so soft and low
Bringing the snow.
All night it snowed.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

When morning came
 There was a gorgeous world of white!
A brilliant, dazzling world of light,
 All ready for our play.
As fast as we could go
 We plunged in snow,
When morning came.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

HALF-PAST AUGUST.

Today is half-past August,
Summer's nearly done;
Spiders have left on the grass
Wide webs they have spun.

All the webs are sprinkled o'er
With tiny drops of dew,
Here and there a million,
Here and there a few.

The golden rod is breaking
Through it's buds of green,
And all along the roadside
Lovely blooms are seen.

Sometimes a yellowing leaf,
And sometimes a red,
Show the trees are getting tired,
Summer's nearly sped.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Now the dark is almost here
When we go to bed,
And I found a butterfly
Hanging still and dead.

But I love the Autumn so,
With cool crispy days,
That I would rather have it
Than a dozen Mays.

And so it's half-past August,
Summer's nearly done,
I know it by the spider's webs,
Glistening in the sun.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE NORTHWEST WIND.

The wind is up! The wind is up!
Out of the clear northwest,
The wind that blows the whole earth clean,
Of all the winds the best.

Clouds go singing across the sky,
Listen! You almost hear!
They throw their purple shadows down,
On hill and plain and mere.

The little leaves spring from the trees,
And race along the road,
The gardener who rakes them up,
Gets home with half a load.

The flowers dance the maddest dance,
With Mr. North-west Wind,
They cast their very garments off!
(They are not even pinned!)

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

The tip-most tops of every tree
Bow low, and bend and sway,
Saying, "Good morning North-west Wind,
"You've brought a perfect day."

The children romp and race about,
The crossest nurse has grinned,
And all because from the north-west,
Has come this sparkling wind!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

AFTER DROUGHT.

The summer days are slipping by,
The warm and sunny days,
When robins call, and we can hear
The harsh cry of the jays.

This year we've had a summer when
The clouds have stayed away,
When scorching, burning sunshine bright
Has lingered day by day.

The earth was hard and thirsty, it's
Been dry so very long,
The blazing sun shone down on us
Still, fiery, and strong.

The dust lay over everything,
The roadsides powdered grey,
We watched for clouds to bring us rain
For weeks, day after day.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Last night the rain came pouring down,
It splashed and splashed all night,
And now out in the garden beds
The flowers are such a sight!

The petals of the roses are
All strewn upon the ground,
The broken branches and dead leaves
Are scattered all around.

The gard'ner will be very glad,
He wanted showers so!
We have to have both rain and sun
To make the garden grow.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

AFTER RAIN.

Last night it rained, Oh! how it rained,
Pouring the whole night long.
The streams ran all along the roof,
Singing a gurgling song.

The leaves on all the dripping trees,
Shivered and shook themselves,
And the drops jumped off and fell below,
Like tiny playful elves.

The roses in the garden beds
The other flowers too,
Just dropped their clothes and took a bath
Of rain instead of dew.

The stream below the meadow green,
Called to the little brook,
"Come! Bring your friends down to the sea,
We'll go and have a look!"

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

This morning it is shining bright,
As though it never rained,
Only the sparkle on the grass
Has special beauty gained.

The garden looks untidy, like
A child that's played too hard,
With all its toys strewn here and there,
And nobody to guard.

But Oh! the earth is nice and clean,
And happy once again,
It's tears the sun will wipe away,
Nor leave a single stain.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

AN EVERY-DAY PRAYER.

Dear Father help me to be good,
Help me to want to try.
Help me to tell the truth, it's hard
Never to tell a lie.

Help me to say the kindest things,
To brave and honest be,
To help in every way I can
All those who so love me.

Teach me to love my friends enough
Unselfishness to learn,
And when things are too hard to bear,
Always to You to turn.

Amen.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

SLEEPY-TIME

Come! Cuddle down Cosy
In your little bed,
I'll tuck your wee pillow
Well under your head.

See, here is the blanket,
And next you the sheet,
This pretty pink "cunky"
Drawn over your feet.

When eyelids grow heavy,
And all sounds are dim,
Just play you're a birdie
That swings on a limb.

Or slip in the Dream Boat,
Pull up the white sails,
And off on the Sleep Sea,
Till night's starlight fails.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

You lie there so comfy,
All in the soft dark,
Weaving visions and stories;
You'll wake with the lark!

So sleep little darling,
Dream, slumber, and smile,
The morning is coming,
Now rest for awhile.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE QUIET COUNTRY!

In the country it's not quiet,
Some people think it is,
But the noises are so different,
From the city's noise and whizz.

Very early in the morning,
When it is hardly spring,
The roosters will be crowing,
And the birds begin to sing.

If there are any dogs at all,
That live within a mile,
You can hear them yapping, barking,
And lie awake awhile.

In the city, when the wind blows,
It shakes the window pane,
But here it blows the trees about,
Stops and begins again.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Now when the summer's growing old,
The locusts whirr all day,
The katy-dids call all night long,
And crickets chirp and play.

I s'pose when snow is on the ground,
It may be quiet then,
But I shall not be here to know,
I'll be in town again.

But although the town is noisy,
Here I am out all day,
And so of course I love it best.
In town indoors I stay.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

THE ROCKING-CHAIR BOAT.

The rocking chair is my new boat,
Cushioned all with pillows
To tuck beneath your tired head,
Bouncing on the billows.

Here! Haul in on that rope, be quick!
Now, swing her head around,
See how she slips across the wave,
Without a bit of sound.

Now high, now low, now up, now down,
Sweetly we go swinging,
I hear the wind among the ropes
Humming high and singing!

Take care! Don't tumble overboard,
We're going very fast!
If you were once to really fall,
Of course a rope I'd cast,

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

And pull you in hand over hand,
For you'd be nearly drowned,
All wet and soppy you would lie,
On deck without a sound.

Now we are nearly on the rocks!
Oh dear! We shall be smashed!
How terribly the boat does roll,
To pieces we'll be dashed!

Well! We are safe home at last,
Now let me help you out,
You've had a long and splendid trip,
Something to talk about!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

GOING TRAVELLING.

The trunks are gone, the bags are packed,
The coats are all strapped tight,
We're waiting for the taxi now,
We'll travel all the night!

Queer beds are made up where we sit,
They just pull out the seats,
And then put a thin mattress on,
With blankets and two sheets.

The porter, he's a colored man,
Some curtains hangs in front,
Sometimes he has to reach way up,
It makes him groan and grunt!

And when it gets to supper time,
We stagger through the train,
And find the dining-car and eat,
Then stagger back again.

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

Mum sometimes takes our supper in
A basket, nice and neat,
Then we have sandwiches and fruit,
And cookies, sugary sweet.

I always sleep as sound as sound,
But Mother stays awake,
I hope we'll have a good cool night,
Just for her darling sake.

Then in the morning we'll get up,
And hurry so to dress,
Because we shall be nearly there,
By eight o'clock I guess.

I don't know where we're going,
That is, the name I mean,
But I know it's in the country,
Where it's easy to keep clean!

A GRANDMOTHER'S VERSES

L'ENVOI.

From daisied fields where sweet June winds
are blowing,
Comes, like a rippling stream o'er shallows
flowing,
The gay bewitching sound of children's laugh-
ter,
Careless of what has passed, or what comes
after.

As light as flying birds, or dancing flowers,
Their glad feet run all through the golden
hours,
A spell is cast, all day, thro' dark, and after,
The sweet enchantment of the children's
laughter.

